

A N
O D E.

ON THE
S U C C E S S
O F

Her Majesty's Arms,
Under His G R A C E

T H E
Duke of M A R L B O R O U G H.

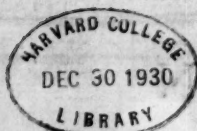
By J. Chafe.

*Quis Martem tunicâ testum adamantina
digne Scripserit ?* Hor.

L O N D O N :

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ON THE
SUCCESS
OF
Her Majesty's Arms
Under His GRACE
Duke of Devonshire
BY J. CHALICE
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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN,
EARL of LEICESTER, &c.

My Lord,

I Make no doubt but it will be a Question more readily ask'd than answer'd, How I came, in my first Attempt of this sort, to make so imprudent a Choice in relation to the Subject; and then with what Assurance I could offer so meer a Trifle to your Lordship. I am sensible how incapable I am of Writing on any Subject, much less on One where the Best have fall'n short; yet I hope for some Excuse, even from my own Incapacity; having, in that respect, the greater Reason to employ my Thoughts, where the Greatness and Copiousness of the Theme might, in some measure, make amends for the barrenness of my Invention. As for the latter, I must throw my self entirely on your Lordship's Generosity; and that Opinion I beg your Lordship would entertain concerning me, that in Offering this I have offer'd the best I can; and that it would be the

The Dedication.

height of my *Ambition*, might my *Hours*, both of *Business* and *Leisure*, be wholly devoted to your *Lordship's* service. I can't flatter my self that this *small Performance* will amount to so much as an *Acknowledgment* of those many *Favours* I have received of your *Lordship*; If your *Lordship* will look upon it as such, it cannot meet with a more favourable *Construction*. If any one will pretend to discern a farther *Value* in it, it can only be owing to the *Impression* it takes from your *Lordship's Honourable Patronage*, and the *Opportunity* it gives me of declaring to the *World*, how much I am

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Humble

and most Obedient Servant

John Chase.

A N
O D E.

O N T H E

*Success of Her Majesty's A R M S, under his
Grace the Duke of Marlborough.*

I.

I NEVER slept on fam'd *Parnassus* head,
No artful, or well-Natur'd Muse,
Did e're her pleasing Rage infuse,
To tune my Voice, or fill my Dreams,
In *Aganippes* sacred Streams,
My Thirst I never yet allay'd.
ALBION the Muses Joy and Pride,
Dictates the Verse which Nature has denied;
ALBION where e're thy Triumphs call,
The Muses joyfully agree
To make of Discord harmony,
And Nature's untaught Notes in graceful order fall.

II.

Bright Genius of our ISLE,
That once thy lovely Face didst shroud,
In an unwelcome sullen Cloud,

(8)

('Tis just the weighty Cause to tell)
When Great *NASSAU* from thy Embraces fell;
How soon did'st thou again vouchsafe to smile?
How soon did thy enliv'ning Beams dispense
Their pleasing, and resistless Influence?
When Godlike *ANNE* with thee combin'd,
The Chains of *EUROPE* to remove,
For the more lasting Tyes of Love,
And to Majestick Force, the Charms of *BEAUTY* join'd.

III.

Th' amazing *SCENE* is open to my view,
But which of all those Sons thou dost inspire,
Is warm'd with a sufficient fire,
The ample Theme with Justice to pursue?
What daring *ATLAS* of the num'rous Train,
The Weight will venture to sustain?
O! were my Breast with equal Strength endued;
Or that I could say ought to excuse
The Fault of an ambitious Muse,
While I a double Task assume,
In which to Speak is to presume;
And to be Silent were *INGRATITUDE*.

IV.

Beneath th' increasing Weight depress'd
Of Cares, that fill'd her lab'ring Breast,
Alone, and sad, the fair *BRITANNIA* fate
To see her *LOVE* with Injuries repaid,
Her Liberty by impious Arts betray'd,
And those who should relieve Her, Miseries create.
Kind Heav'n look'd down, and pitying her Distress,
Great *WILLIAM* sent her Fortune to redress;
The gen'rous task Great *WILLIAM* first essay'd;
Gently he bow'd, and rais'd her pensive Head;

From

From her soft Hands the galling Shackles broke,
And from her tender Neck the unaccustom'd Yoke.

V.

Say prosperous ISLE, what Duty didst Thou owe?
What Gratitude canst thou repay,
Worthy of that auspicious Day,
And the kind Arm that did thy Liberty bestow?
That did the fair Example prove,
Worthy thy Imitation and thy Love;
That did th' insulting Foe repel,
In War that taught Thee to excel;
That did the Weight of thy Misfortunes bear,
That did the sure Foundation place,
Of all thy future Happiness,
And gave Thee safe to faithful ANNA's care.

VI.

ANNE gave the Word, and Heav'n Success decreed,
Glad Victory the Sound obey'd,
And her Triumphant Wings display'd,
And now no more to be with-held,
The chearful Soldier rush't into the Field,
Resolv'd in such a Cause to Conquer, or to Bleed.
How gladly did they all unite,
T' assert BRITANNIA's injur'd Right?
Thrice happy He, and worthy Praise,
Whoever bravely durst declare,
To make her Liberty his Care,
And to her conqu'ring ARMS immortal Honours raise.

VII.

And here Great MARLBRO' whose surviving Name,
(When after-Ages shall survey
The Wonders of thy glorious Day)
Will stand the fairest in the List of Fame,
Vouchsafe t' adorn my artless Song,

Untaught,

Untaught, and hindmost in the Throng.
 For as great Deeds in loftier Numbers live,
 In Thee my Muse hopes only to survive,
 Next thy great Mistress thou shalt this bestow,
 That whate'er Truth for ever shall relate,
England's Successes, and her various Fate,
 To Thee shall all its Strength, and all its Beauty owe.

VIII.

Virtue from thee shall a fresh Lustre take,
 Secure within thy guarded Breast,
 The wandring Goddess chose to rest,
 The Marks of Time no longer need we trace
 To *Rome*, and her illustrious Race,
 No longer now look back.
 Thou goodly Mother who alone,
 With worthy Praises didst their Labours crown ;
 O! that we could like Thee more glorious Acts rehearse.
 Tho' this is thy peculiar Art,
 To *MARLBRO'* thou must yield a better part,
 And wish Him thine, as we do envy thee thy Verse.

IX.

All that is Wise, or Generous, or Great,
 All that we envy, or desire,
 In him does one just Harmony conspire :
 No flatt'ring Lights, no jarring Discords there,
 To shock the Eye, or to offend the Ear.
Cæsar and *Brutus* friendly meet ;
Cæsar cries out for Liberty,
 While *Brutus* does with awful pleasure see,
 Bright Majesty adorn the Throne,
 And wonders at her just proportion,
 From blinded Prejudice learns to admire
 Her Looks so softly kind, so graceful her Attire.

X.

Let *Fabius* be no more a Pattern brought,
 For deep Design, and well-instructed Thought;
 Th' impending Storm the *Carthaginian* fear'd
 Would have appear'd no more,
 Than gentle Winds, or a refreshing Show'r,
 With *Blenheim's* more important Day compar'd.
 Thou *Danube* canst with horror tell
 The blacker, and more rapid Thunder there that fell;
 Thou only then didst act the Friend,
 Thou didst thy hospitable Arms extend,
 When to thy Banks the trembling Squadrons fled,
 And in thy yielding Bosom plung'd each conscious Head.

XI.

Faithful *Camillus* whose forgiving Mind,
 Calmly sustain'd thy Country's hate,
 How much didst thou deserve a better Fate?
 Yet did her Wrongs thy generous Soul engage,
 Nor could thy Injuries thy Love allwage.
 So tender were the Motives which inclin'd,
 Bravely thou did'st, yet, What could'st thou do less?
 What Virtue could be deaf to *Rome's* distress?
 In this thou didst thy Self regard,
 Knowing that a Return like thine,
 Where Duty so surprizingly did shine,
 None would more highly prize, none better could Reward.

XII.

But say, my Muse, from what Original;
 From what eternal Source of Love,
 Descending from above,
 Do we a more extensive Good derive.
 Great *ANNE* alone has learnt to give,
 And deal like Providence her Benefits to all.
 'She, as th' incircling Heav'n immense

Or'e the glad World her faithful Care extends.
 Thou *Marlb'rough* like some beauteous Orb of Light,
 The first in Magnitude and Place,
 Dost boldly run thy glorious Race,
 While we devoutly gaze, and wonder at thy Heighth.

XIII.

From the huge Mass of her ill-gotten Spoils,
 With some Disdain, and some Surprise,
 Proud *France* beheld thy Glory rise,
 The great Presage of all thy future Toils :
 She saw the kindling Flame that did impart
 Light to thy Mind, and Ardour to thy Heart.
 Well might she dread thy scorching Fire,
 As to thy brighter Noon thou didst aspire.
 So *Titan* scatters with his active Ray,
 The blackest Storm engendring Night,
 Tho' fraught with Death the Guilty to affright,
 And thro' its fullen bosom darts the intercepted Day.

XIV.

BELGIA first saw the mighty Work begun;
 With Joy and Wonder she look'd on,
 While thou, like some bold Hunter, didst incite
 The *Gallick* Legions to the Fight,
 Their timely Fear a safer Path pursues,
 Wisely they yield what they were sure to loose.
Belgia, how fruitless were thy early Toil ?
 T' extend thy Borders, and improve thy Soil.
 From their known Woods the Savage Herd to chace,
 Should Fate decree to mock thy Pains,
 T' infest thy Towns, and ravage all thy Plains,
 By more obnoxious Men, and a more lawless Race?

XV. Trem-

XV.

Trembling they fly scarce yet secure by flight,
 While in their Breasts their Fear renews the fight;
 The guiltless Earth for a retreat they wound,
 (Necessity the safe Expedient found)
 But all their Arts in vain they did employ,
 To save what *Marlbrough's* Hand was destin'd to destroy.
 His Thunder had the fatal Blow pursu'd,
 Tho' wall'd with Mountains they had stood;
 Thus by himself Sustain'd Great *Jove* prevail'd
 Or'e the rash *Titans* that his Heav'n assail'd:
 Too late convinc'd their Fortune they deplore,
 Crush'd by those Hills which were their Strength before.

XVI.

BAVARIA next thy Miseries commence,
 A suddain Fear alarm'd thy Breast,
 To see thy strange intruding Guests;
 While from afar their glitt'ring Arms appear,
 'Twas just to wonder at, and just to fear;
 What aw'd Mankind, and kept them in suspense,
 Happy thy Prince had he resign'd his Breath,
 Had all his Treach'ry been repaid with Death.
 So some fierce Lyon which the Toil has past,
 Feels in his side the galling Spear stick fast;
 From death reserv'd to a more tort'ring Ill;
 In vain he foams with Rage, and bites the bearded Steel.

XVII.

But stay, my Muse, thy daring flight,
 Shun the bright Object that will hurt thy sight;
 When *Ramillie*, or *Hocsted*, is the Theme,
 Avoid the dangerous Extream.
 Th' amazing Truth attempt not to relate,
 Of *Icarus* mindful, and *Prometheus* fate.

The Sun the *Hebrews* bold arrest t' obey,
 Stood still to make a less important Day.

MARLBRO' with bolder Steps march'd on,
 Had *Phæbus* with unusual hast,
 Urg'd his impatient Courses to the West,
 E're he had reach'd the Goal the Bus'ness had been done.

XVIII.

MARLBRO''s bold March no narrow Rules confine;
 Nature, that thought her Work was all compleat:
 When she had Bounds to Empire set,
 Has learnt that all was useless to controul
 His more capacious Soul.
 The *Scheld*, the *Mæse*, the *Danube*, and the *Rhine*,
 With pride his joyful Ensigns bore,
 Till he had reach'd the farther Shoar.
 Nature confesses his more pow'rful Hand,
 Expecting his Command,
 And owns it just he should prescribe new Laws,
 Who triumphs to maintain the World's, and *ANNA*'s Cause.

XIX.

Thus have I seen in a secure Retreat,
 (Of some old River-God the peaceful Seat)
 From its pure Urn a silver Current glide,
 The infant Waves with gentle Murmurs flow,
 While wanton *Naiads* prattle as they go,
 Kissing the flow'ry Banks, and sporting thro' the Tide:
 The smiling Banks pleas'd with the am'ious play,
 By just Degrees, as They advance, give way;
 But as their Number, and their Bounds increase,
 Boldly they revel in a larger Space;
 Till unconfin'd they gladly all resort,
 T' increase the Pow'r and State of *Neptune's* watry Court.